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upon the floor. He partially recovered, and during the interval between that period and his death, the writer heard him describing the events of that night. "I heard," said he, "distinctly the noise of the witch. She raged round the house, and attempted frequently to enter,—but the spell restrained her. Then there was a low murmuring sound,—then a rushing as of waters, and I had her already in my power,—when my brother burst into the charmed circle."

He never recovered. In three weeks the writer followed to the grave this singular enthusiast,—amiable in his dispositions, and intelligent on every subject but one. With him, so far as he knows, passed away the ancient line of village pedagogues,—and these lines may possibly preserve his name from utter oblivion. W.

LINES, WRITTEN IN A ROMANTIC GLEN.

On! Who, unless with heart beguiled,
Or dead to feelings bland and mild,
Could leave unmoved, a Glen so wild
And sweet in its simplicity;

Spreading 'mong mountains high and gray
Its bosom to the sky of day,
Far from the homes of men away,
And all the world's rude revelry!

Here, save the breeze blown from the hill,
The sky-lark's song—the murmuring rill—
All, all is holy, calm, and still—
The slumber of serenity.

And here the wild-flowers drink the dew,
As morn and eve their rounds renew:
Here glows in life each lovely hue
That tinges nature's scenery.

Sweet glen! to live 'mong scenes like thine,
How fondly could this heart of mine
All earthly wishes here resign,
—The world and all its vanity.

Here would I sit at early morn
Beneath this wild and boary thorn,
Where comes no leer of human scorn,
Nor scowl of dark malignity.

And here my harp I'd string afar,
Where nought the rising sounds could mar,
And hail the smile of evening star
On heaven's unbounded canopy.

Then all the scenes of earth and air
Would wake my spirit's fervent prayer,
Since all their many changes bear
The impress of Divinity.

And when the pulse of life was low,
How high the soul's fond hope would glow,
And faint would be the latest throw
That trembled o'er mortality.

My sleep would be beneath the flower
That decks the dell's untrodden bower,
Till dawns the great decisive hour,
On slumbering Humanity.

Wild Glen, farewell!—I linger still—
Ah! Man, amid this life of ill,
Too oft must part, without the will,
From all that's dear to memory.

Farewell! Emotions strange of kind
Wake with the longings of my mind,
And closely seem with something twined
That speaks of immortality!

R

WHAT IS LOVE?

Oh tell me, tell me, What is Love,
Or where it may be found:
Is it a spark from heaven above,
Or springs it from the ground?

Oh tell me, tell me, Does it dwell,
In that bright spangled sky:
Or is it in the magic spell,
Of Beauty's dark blue eye?

Oh tell me, tell me, Is it found,
In opening floweret fair.

Or is it not a passing sound;—
Or floating gossamer?

Oh tell me, tell me, Does it lie,
In those bright tints of red;
Which all along the western sky,
The setting sun hath shed?

Oh no—Love is a tiny Elf,
That ne'er could be at rest;—
Until at last he hid himself,
Deep in a maiden's breast!